### SORROWS OF A CLOAK MODEL.

SAD DAYS FOR "NELLIE" AT THE WEST END THEATRE.

She Is Thrown From a Window to the Elevated Tracks, Tied Under an Elevator and Dynamited Off the Williamsburg Britige, but She Escapes Them All

It was far from a happy New Year for "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" up at the West End Theatre yesterday from 2.15 to dusk. For four acts and thirteen scenes a troop of performing villains and villainesses who were supposed to live in a fashionable Harlem boarding house tried to drag Beautiful Nellie to their lair, and failing in this, to kill her violently. Bequtiful Nellie was thrown upon the elevated tracks in the first act, under a descending elevator in the second, dynamited off the Williamsburg Bridge in the third act, and sent out before a West End Theatre audience in the fourth act to play a violin solo, and all this was borne with patience so sweet and girlish that at the end of the drama there wasn't a dry coat sleeve in the house. But when the playwright tried to rob Beautiful Nellie of her good name by surrounding her in the Haymarket with a gang of heartless gorillas who plied her with the demon rum till the unhappy girl was stewed to the eyes, Beautiful Nellie and the audience cou'd scarce bear more.

Elevated trains, bombs and descending elevators may crush one's body, which after all is but a thing of clay; but to lose one's good name is to lose all, for simple faith is more than Norman blood, and the body is but the covering of the immortal soul, which, once besmirched, lives on forever a tainted thing, and even riches are vain if reputation is lost and virtue is the

Owen Davis, who stood in the lobby yesterday afternoon and wrote the play several nights ago, deals in a simple way throughnights ago, deals in a simple way throughout his drama with elemental and basic human passions grouped in tremendous gobs. For many days he and the press agent fought with disheartening odds while trying to find an actress who framed up to the æsthetic requirements of Nellie's job. Full page ads didn't seem to bring the right kind of applicants. Percy Haswell had the figure, but the book demanded a brunette. Anna Held spoke the lines with an accent. Fay Templeton wouldn't go on the road, and Margaret Anglin was doing well in another drama. If it wasn't one thing it was another. But finally Reata Winfield, who created the part of Persecuted Pansy in "The Volunteer Organus," found herself at liberty, and the cast was filled. After that was done there was nothing to it but to find a good girl to play the part of Tom thel Cripple, so that while one lovable character was soldered to the third rail the reserve villains could be called out to put it all over another lovable character. Little Margie Lytton, the wonderful child artist of whom so much is expected when she grows up—the girl is scarcely 22 years old—accepted the place on the condition that trembling incidental music should be written for her, or his, entrances. Poor Crippled Tom wears a plain oak crutch and surgical interfering boots on the leg that's to the bad. The only reason Beautiful Nellie slaved away her life as a cloak model from 9 to 5 was to buy medicines for Crippled Tom that he too might fit from flower to flower and grow up like more favored children to live a happy outdoor life driving a spanking team to a truck.

Beautiful Nellie was born to riches beyond the dreams of avarice, but one day before the show began she was stolen by a man in a neat and tasty frock coat and with scapsuds on the short hair of his temples. This person's name was Walter Hillon and he was a human devil. Eighteen years after Beautiful Nellie was stolen the curtain went up on the first act with Mrs. Margaret Horton looking for her. Little did Mrs. Horton know, as she e out his drama with elemental and basic human passions grouped in tremendous

"I thank you, madam—will you have it charged or have it sent?" was her own daughter.

daughter.
Neither did Jack Carroll, a young Inventor, realize that Beautiful Nellie, his sweetheart, was going to roll in money before the final curtain. Jack Carroll wore a soft hat, a white shirt of plain but expensive muslin, and said he lived in Williamsbug. But Wall Hilton, the villain, knew that if Mrs. Horton, Nellie's mother and Walt's aunt, found her daughter he would not come in Horton, Nellie's mother and Walt's aunt, found her daughter he would not come in for so much money when the old girl perished. So after taking his equally heartless running mate, Hortense Drake, Forewoman of the Cloak Department, up to that red brick boarding house in East Sixteenth street and talking it over, poor Beautiful Nellie butted into the house also. On the court of the moment the only thing this secweight butted into the house also. On the spur of the moment the only thing this section of the villainous band could think to do was to throw the defenceless girl out of the window onto the Thoid avenue elevated

PENNSYLVANIA

do was to throw the defenceless girl out of the window onto the Thoid avenue elevated tracus.

The whole plot would have fizzled out right there if Ike Otto, the very comical porter of Fisher & Nelson's, hadn't happened to come into the locked room by way of the dumbwaiter just in the nick of time. The young inventor, Jack Carroll, happened to be in that part of town at the time also. Jack hammered on the door, but, alast to no avail. But Ike unlocked it from the inside, Jack entered and threw a chair at the footlights, smashed the window, dragged Beautiful Nellie back from the tracks and into the room just as a train zigzagged over her with a bounce that left her unscathed and the curtain came down.

Then after the orchestra played the "Golden Gate" twostep the action commenced. Nellie's worthless guardian, a sub-villain who lived on the poor creature's wages, tried to get "Crippled Tom to aid him to sell Beautiful Nellie to the Villain Trust body and soul. Crippled Tom observed that he would see his own soul in huh-ell before he aided the guardian to bahtah the girl to Hilton like beas-tahs are sold to a butchah. Then another villain kicks the trembling, crouching cripple in the slats, and as he writhes in pain all the villains come down from the swell Harlem boarding house and file by to laugh in scorn at his misery.

at his misery.

The plot has moved back to the stock room of the department store, as there is an elevator shaft there. Before Beautiful Nellie is thrown under the elevator by the disagreeable forelady, however, Nellie is discharged a couple of times and then bound to the bottom of the shaft.

car lines have also been established between New York and western cities,

disagreeable forelady, however, Nellie is discharged a couple of times and then bound to the bottom of the shaft.

Kicked in the slats you may be, Crippled Tom, but crawl, crawl for heaven's sake, over the rough boards ere it is too late! Faster, my lad, and slash the ropes that bind Beautiful Nellie, for the elevator is going down—going down—and the last stop is the basement—kitchen ranges, hardware, sporting goods, groceries, birdseed and children's clothing. Going up!

So Nellie decides then—as long as she wasn't killed by the elevator, by Hillon and the villainous forelady—to go out for a ride on Hilton's yacht. There wouldn't have been any one aboard the yacht but Nellie and villains if He, the funny porter, hadn't been at the North River pier when the yacht sailed, and had got himself taken aboard concealed in a box. They tied Nellie to the pilot house, with Coney Island all ablaze in the background, just as soon as the curtain pole hit the roof.

Nell would have been in bad in a few minutes if He hadn't suddenly bobbed up and handed Hillon a heavy slap in the map. The Sandy Hook light swung around and threw a circle of calcium on Ike as he took the prostrate Nellie off the yacht into a row-boat. Ike rowed her back to Luna Park or the Steeplechase and shot a sailor as he pulled away. Ike could have shot Hilton also, but he was needed to blow Nellie off the Williamsbug Bridge later. The rowboat disappeared into the scenery with Nellie revived and rowing so that Ike could place his right thumb in juxtaposition to his nose, thereby indicating scorn.

Snow was anowing snow in front of the Haymarket when Nellie wandered in with a number of the other girls. Nellie had been hitting the feathers of a hospital for three months till it was time for snow. Then the front of the Haymarket went up in the flies to show the interior with a lot of rough

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girls dancing. Beautiful Nellie, being a simple, pretty cloak model, had never hold of champagne wine, and consequently she was an easy victim to the villians who grouped around her and filled her glass. When they left the gentle girl her head had fallen upon a table and she was soused.

But Ike discovered her in time to get her into the hands of Jack Carroll, who lived over in Williamsbug solely that he and Nellie might be blown off the bridge as they tried to escape from the villains in Jack's auto instead of telling a cop. The villains bribed a watchman to let them have one of the regular Williamsbug Bridge bombs. The bomb blew Nellie, Jack and the auto over the railing, but fortunately in the next scene it was learned that they had landed in the icy waters of the river and so had escaped injury. But the bridge, now in the background, was a perfect mess.

Jack started to swim ashore with Nellie, but a police boat hove in sight and picked the couple from the water's cruel grip, so everybody in the cast went up to the Comedy Theatre Dressing Rooms for the last act. Ike appeared here as a super in the uniform of a Roman soldier and tripped over his sword repeatedly in a droll way. This scene of Ike's was straight comedy and prepared the way for the last scene of sweetness and light—the rose gardens of Mrs. Horton's estate—and everybody got out his handkerchief, especially her handkerchief. The heavy villainess is in the midst of the flower garden, where she has brought Crippled Tom, now approaching perfect health, and she taunts the boy about his interfering boot on the bad leg. Mrs. Horton sics her footman on the villains as they gather in the goden and then there were a lot of murders. The only people now alive are those that have a right to be and the cruel guardian, who lives only long enough to tell Mrs. Horton that Beautiful Nellie was stolen from the Horton possessions and is heiress to all these broad acres. Then the cruel guardian doesn't do a thing but turn his face toward the pretty flowers and croak

"IL TROVATORE" SUNG.

The Manhattan Opera Company Adde Its Repertoire.

The répertoire of the Manhattan Opera House was enlarged last evening by the production of "Il Trovatore," which has romantic opera of the days when men wore picture hats and always found adventure looking just around the next corner had a thoroughly traditional representation. This means, of course, that there was nothing in any way surprising about it. Tanara was in the conductor's chair and nobody would have mistaken him for Campanini even had be worn no whiskers.

There were moments last evening when it might truly have been said that the opera was being produced under the personal supervision of the prompter, and it is depressing to observe a body of helmeted men at arms in visible command of an ssistant stage manager in a sack suit. But these were merely flaws incidental to a first production and will no doubt vanish quite away in future.

Dalmores was the troubadour. He sans the well worn music with all the emphasis that a French tenor is likely to employ in emitting Italian music and was roundly appauded early and often. But there were no cries of "Louder!" when he was singing. The much adored Leonoro was represented by Mme. Russ, who made part, and perhaps it is not too much to say that she created a more favorable impres sion than she did in "Aida."

But Mme. Cisneros was the chief gamer by the production of "Il Trovatore." night she was a better singer than the woman who sang last week in "Aida." woman who sang last week in "Alda." Something seems to have happened in the interval to make her upper and lower regsters better acquainted, and last night as the gypsy plotter she was a really imposing figure.

As the Conte di Luna, M. Seveilhac deepened the impression that he made as Valentine in "Faust." Despite the fact that he was handicapped by a superlatively scarlet pair

time in "Faust." Despite the fact that he was handicapped by a superlatively scarlet pair of tights, this barytone rose above his surl roundings and sang his music with a mellow suavity and a nobility of style that deserved the applause it got. And though a barytone, he got almost as much as the tenor. M. Dalmores, by the way, was so interested in the he got almost as much as the tenor. M. Dal-mores, by the way, was so interested in the delivery of a high note that the unromantic curtain almost got him at the end of act third. But an operatic hero is invincible, and so, of course M. Dalmores sidestepped to safety.

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## THE HON. WM. ROSSER COBBE

PASSED OUT WITH THE YEAR, LEARNING AND ALL.

They Say He Used to Talk at Beer Stopped Bowery Tables About Egyptian Eler-atic Script and Once Was a Navy Chap-lain—And How Dieth the Wise Man?

The Hon. William Rosser Cobbe was found dead in a doorway at 223 Park row a few hours after midnight yesterday morning. He had sat in the doorway with his head bent over his knees during the noisy heralding of the new year and passersby had squawked their horns into

his deaf ears. wagon and had the body removed a search was made through the pockets of the dead man's shiny black coat. Then it was that a letter bearing the letterhead of a Tampa, Fla., newspaper identified the white haired man as the Hon. William Rosser Cobbe. Leonard Hill, manager of the En Laboratories at 32 West Twenty-fifth street confirmed the identification later in the

Though the letter found on the body of the Bowery wreck dignified him with the title of Honorable, that was not the the title of Honorable, that was not the prefix usually given him by those who drink five cent whiskey in the Bowery morgues. The man behind the bar hailed him as Pop when he had money in his pocket. Others, who used to hear him talk about the pyramids of Ghizeh or the monasteries on Puk-han such times as he was in his cups, used to call him "Prof." Bowery as a perfec' walkin' cyclopedy.

The police have entered this slip on their blotter: "William Rosser Cobb; birthplace, Elizabethtown, N. C.; age 59; residence unknown; death caused by intoxication and exposure; no effects."

Along the Rowery there are men who knew the Hon. W. R. Cobbe only in the ran-

Along the Rowery there are men who knew the Hon. W. R. Cobbe only in the random, haphazard way that man knows man in the back rooms of the saloons there. They used to hear him talk of things and of places of which they knew nothing. He sometimes talked in Italian, French, or even a strange sounding tongue which he said was Anamese. He once showed them some peculiar trinkets in bronze which he said that he got in Tibet when he was travelling with Buddhist priests; but these he pawned afterward.

Some nights the "Prof" would sit by the hour before a beer streaked table and tell a ragged group of men what he knew about cuneiform inscriptions or Egyptian hieratic script. He told a lot about China and how the Chinese river pirates sometimes carve up a whole steamer load of people on one of the big rivers over there.

Away from the Bowery there was no "Prof." Cobbe, but there was a very tall, straight and white haired man who called himself the Hon. William Rosser Cobbe and who kept books for the Emergency Laboratories at 32 West Twenty-fifth street. For more than two years he had been employed there, and he was considered an invaluable man because of his wide knowledge and ready recollection of dates and events.

Mr. Hill, the manager of the laboratories, did not know that the Hon. W. R. Cobbe and "Prof." Cobbe were the same until yesterday, when the police asked him if he could go down to the Morgue and identify the Bowery wreck that had been found dead on a doorstep. He knew that at times his bookkeeper used to stay away from the office for two or three days at a time and that when he reappeared he was palsied and unstrung.

The janitor who sweeps out the labora-

that when he reappeared he was palsied and unstrung.

The janitor who sweeps out the laboratories had a far more intimate knowledge of the man. Cobbe used to meet the janitor in the mornings when none of the others in the office had yet come down and at nights when all but he had left, and to the janitor he told much of his past life. He chose to make a confidant of the janitor because it was not fitting for him to prattle of his past to his equals.

The janitor says that Cobbe was born on a plantation in North Carolina and that his father had been rich. He joined the forces of the Confederacy at the time of the war and was wounded. Later he studied for the ministry and in time became a chaplain in the breather that the studied for the ministry and in time became a chaplain

the ministry and in time became a chaplain in the United States navy. He stayed in the United States navy. He stayed with the navy for many years, visiting many lands. When his ship was in Far Eastern waters one time he left the service and wandered through India, the Malay States and China. He once got over the boundary into the forbidden Tibetan country.

Later he came back to this country and the country and the country and the country are services or the services of the country and the country are services or the country and the country are considered as the country and the country and the country are considered as the country and the country and the country are considered as the country and the country and the country are considered as the country are considered as the country and the country are considered as the country are country.

into the forbidden Tibetan country.

Later he came back to this country and got a professorship in a small Western college. There he taught languages and history. Then he worked on newspapers in Chicago. He once owned a newspaper in an Illinois town and made some money by it. But his wife sought a separation from him several years ago and he voluntarily left her giving over to her a house in ily left her, giving over to her a house in Chicago and the custody of his son and two

daughters.

Cobbe came to New York three years ago and began to do hack work for out of town and began to do nack work for out of town newspapers and scrappy correspondence for one or two papers in the Far East. He was down pretty low when Mr. Hill found him and gave him employment as a book-keeper and stenographer in his laboratories. Since that time he had been steadily with only conscious lapses of at work, with only occasional lapses of several days.

His last lapse was the longest. The book-keeper had expected that when his son

The year just ended has been uncommonly fruitful in railroad im-

Between New York and Philadelphia the train service has been im-

Between New York, Baltimore, and Washington the number of trains

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passenger tracks of much of the previous congestion, and thereby rendered

pertains to the safety, comfort, and convenience of the passenger.

The construction and operation of subsidiary freight lines has cleared the

These are a few of the things which the work of 1906 has accomplished.

provements for the direct benefit of the public. On the lines of the Penn-

proved both in the number of trains and their speed, so that there is almost

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reached his majority the young man would come on to New York to visit him. He wrots asking that the boy should do so. But letters from his wife came to him saying that he was not a fit father for a young man to visit and that the boy had no wish to see him again.

That was about ten days ago. A week ago Cobbe—the Hon. William Rosser Cobbe—failed to appear for work at the laboratories. Yesterday he was found dead within a few feet of one of the Bowery morgues.

NEXT WEEK'S OPERAS.

Mr. Conried has set down his spe revival of "L'Africaine," which has not been sung in seven years at the Metropoli-tan Opera House, for a week from Friday night. The opera will be given in Italian. Selika will be sung by Mme. Fremstad. Signor Caruso will appear for the first time in this opers and other rôles will be sung by MM. Plançon and Journet. On next Monday "Lucia di Lammermoor" will have its last performance, with Mmes. Sembrich and MM. Carneo. Stracciari and Journet in the leading rôles. "Romeo et Juliette" will be performed on Wednesday by Mmes. Farrar, Jacoby and Neuendorf and MM. Rouseslière, Plançon and Simard. Mme. Eames will sing Elea for the first time this year in the Saturday afternoen performance of "Lohengrin" and with her will appear Mme. Kirkby Lunn and MM. Burrian, Goritz and Blass. The Saturday evening performance has not yet been selected. "Il Trovatore," with the same cast that sung last night will begin the week at the Manhattan. "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" will be sung on Wednesday by Mmes. Pinkert and Trentini and MM. Bonci, Ancona, Arimondi and Gilibert. "Rigoletto" will be sung on Friday by Mmes. Melba and Giaconia and MM. Bonci, Renaud and Arimondi. "Aida" will be repeated at the Saturday matinee with the usual cast and in the evening "Carmen" will be sung by the same artists who have performed the opera this season. by MM. Plancon and Journet. On next

LARGE INCREASE IN BIRTHS.

Means That 1906 Was a Prosperous Year. Dr. Darlington, Health Commissioner summed up yesterday the year's statistics of deaths, births and marriages in the city He said that the great increase in marriages and births in the year 1906 over 1906

and all other years caused him to believe

that the people must have been prosperous "People must have money before they decide to marry," said Dr. Darlington.

The number of marriages in greater
New York was 48,355, an increase of 5,700 over the year 1905. Three-fourths of these marriages, according to Dr. Darlington, were performed in Manhattan. The number of births reported in Greater New of 8,000. This is the highest number of

births ever reported to the Health De-The number of deaths reported was 76,-206, an increase of 2,492. The increase of deaths, according to Dr. Darlington, was

deaths, according to Dr. Darlington, was due to increased population.

There was an increase of deaths from dyphtheria, cancer, heart disease, bright's disease, old age, suicides, homicides and violent deaths due to accidents.

There was a decrease of deaths from typhoid fever, malaria, whooping cough, cerebro-spinal meningitis, influenza, bronchitis and stomach troubles in children under 5 years of age.

"The increase of marriages and births," said Dr. Darlington, "to my mind shows a state of prosperity."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Alice for Short" is the unusual title of the new book which William de Morgan, author of "Joseph Vance," has written, and which will be published early in the

In a popular vote taken recently in a Thicago newspaper to decide what woman has done most good work for the community Miss Jane Addams led all the rest. Miss Addams exerts a double influence as the head of the famous Hull House Settlement work and as an author. She has just completed a new book, to be published next month, on "Newer Ideals of Peace."

H. B. Marriott Watson's new book, which will be published early in January; will be called "The Privateers." The story reverses the usual order of fortune hunting, for the heroine is an English girl, and unknown to herself is the heiress to a great block of valuable American railroad stock. As the stock is the key to a great railroad merger and two multimillionaire railway magnates determine to marry the girl, the plot provides plenty of surprises and thrills.

"The Appeal to Arms," by James Kendall Hosmer, LL. D., to be published this month, is a history of the civil war from before Bull Run up to and including the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The book The greatly increasing travel between New York and Pittsburgh has received recognition in the inauguration of a number of new trains at the is distinguished by its striking delineations hours which seemed best to meet the requirements of the traveling public. of the leading men of the time. Stanton, The "Pennsylvania Special," the pioneer 18-hour train between New cribes as "a very dynamo of energy, incor-York and Chicago, has continued to maintain its phenomenal performruptible, intensely patriotic, no respecter ance of high speed and prompt movement. A number of new through of persons, and of unflinching courage." He calle attention to Lincoln's magnanimity in looking only at Stanton's fitness for the which have greatly facilitated the increasing traffic between the East and post and overlooking the personal attack made upon him by Stanton both in public and in private. Lincoln, though forbearing much, was always the master of the Secretary who had the power to terrorize all but the strongest of those who came in contact with him. "Mr. President, I refuse The introduction of the open 1000-mile ticket has made available to execute this order," Stanton would say. Well, Mr. Secretary, I reckon it will have to be done," Lincoln would answer, and tation ever issued, while the general reduction in one-way rates to the basis the order was carried out.

The recent agitation over the conduct of the negro soldier revives interest in the history of "Negro Troops in the Rebellion," by S. W. Williams. The book treats mainly of the negro troops in the civil war, but it also gives much information concerning their work in the War of the Revolution. Among other facts it is stated that it was a The promise of 1907 is in the line of continued advancement in all that negro soldier who shot Major Pitcairn at Bunker Hill, and that in the same battle another negro soldier so distinguished himself that fourteen officers united in com-

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RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

# Rev. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D. D. BOOK OF NUMBERS

MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH. 5th ave. and 30th street. TO-NEGHT at 8 o'clock

mending his valor to Congress. Washington was opposed to the enlistment of negroes, but when he learned that Lord Dunmore was inviting them to the British standard he issued general orders authorizing the enistment of "free negroes."

Pather Hugh Benson, one of the trio of literary brothers who write on widely divergent themes, has strayed from the besten path of historical fiction in which he has made his success and produced a story of modern life and manners called age. Chris Dell, is a character from real life. The author confesses that in this graceful, eccentric dandy vagabond who is rescued from destitution and piloted through polite society he has plagiarised life and presented a real character.

The publishers of the "Hohenlohe Memoirs" have been entirely unable to keep pace with the demand for the work. The first printing was exhausted in advance of publication, and it was not until last week that the supply of copies caught up

A series of papers by Dr. C. W. Saleeby on "Worry-The Disease of the Age" is appearing in Cassell's Magazine. Worry, ion, fear as the cause of futility, esse and death-this is the topic of Dr. Saleeby's study. The importance of worry is pointed out "not so much in the melancholic or in persons having vast respons bilities, nor at the great crises of life, but rather its importance as a comm commonplace fact, influencing body and mind in greater or less degree throughout the lives of the ordinary people with ordi-

"Women Types," the Venus, the Juno, the Minerva, a new work by "Da Libra," will present in a series of historical sketche the characteristics of the women of classical times as compared with those of the present day, demonstrating the counterparts of the two periods and illustrating modern carts from ancient moulds.

Kate Dickinson Sweetser is a writer with a literary pedigree and environment. Miss Sweetser is a cousin of Emily Dickinson, the poet, and a daughter of the late Charles H. Sweetser, one of the founders of Round Table, for years the only literary weekly in this country. After the death of her parents Miss Sweetser came under the care of Amelia E. Barr, who superintended ber training.

The Book News Monthly is a Frances Hodg-

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k of trains and information call on or address H. C. Chayney,

learned that she is the daughter of a pros-perous Manchester merchant, and that she began to tell stories before she could read or write. She received the usual nursery governess education and divided an admiring group of friends and scribbling love tales until she was 15. When her father lost his fortune and died she "came out" to Tennessee and joined her brother. Some one suggested the possibility of her turning her remances into money to relieve

might be turned into both. Her first story was accepted by Godey's and subseque stories were sent to Peterson's and Serfaher time about equally between reading ners. Mrs. Rurnett has worked steadily in a fine family library, telling stories to and her books would fill a good sized shelf. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been tre lated into many languages and is read by Japanese and Hindu children. Mrs Burnett divides her time between her English country home, Maytham Hall in Kent, and New York.

# Sharp's Special Suit Sale

We have given great care to the selection of the finest foreign fabrics, but owing to the late appearance of winter weather we have decided to close out our stock of winter woolens now. Sharp

Famous joraign looms have contributed some vars patterns to our stock of Winter weaves. Assortment of exclusive styles include unfinished worsteds, velours. Scotch cheviots in plaids and checks, Donegal and Tailors, Blarney tweeds, Scotch and English tweeds, Erkin weaves of worsteds. 5th Ave. Hotel.

\$40 to \$60 Suits

The cut, style, pattern and finish will be perfect and of the highest class. Our suits during this sale will be priced

At \$35.



